

## POLICE LOCK OUT THE JANITOR AFTER SILK IS STOLEN

Placard on Door of Robbed  
Building Tells Where Key  
Can Be Found.

It may be that the note the Superintendent of the building found posted

yesterday morning on the street door at No. 331 Fourth Avenue means that the police have abandoned their keep-it-quiet policy with reference to lofts robberies. The note said: "CALL AT THE EAST TWENTY-SECOND STREET POLICE STATION FOR A KEY."

The Superintendent next observed that the front door was fastened by a police "chain lock." He went to the station house, as advised by the placard, and learned that some time late on Saturday or early on Sunday the rooms of the B. & B. Silk Company on the 12th floor had been robbed of forty bundles of silk valued at \$5,000. Situated between 24th and 25th Streets in a district that is sometimes called the "Silk Belt," the loft building is within a block and a half

of a subway station and almost in sight of the Metropolitan Life Building and Diana on the Tower.

The street door was locked by the Superintendent on Saturday afternoon, as usual, at 1 o'clock. At 11 A. M. on Sunday a policeman of the East 22d Street station found the place open. He went from floor to floor to the twelfth landing before he found anything wrong.

A pane of glass had been smashed in the office door of the B. & B. Company, the screen broken and the bolt shot back. Harry Botwin of Paterson, N. J., a member of the firm, apprised the loss. The burglars left \$2,000 worth of silk bundled and addressed on one of the tables ready for shipment. There was no sign that the street door had been jimmied.

Despite the fact that the immediate neighborhood of Mayor Hylan's home, No. 59 Bushwick Avenue, Brooklyn, is supposed to be especially well policed, burglars broke into Liggett's drug store two blocks away, and robbed the safe of \$1,000 Sunday night. Burglars forced an entrance early this morning into the rooms of Franklin Union local No. 23 of the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants, one door from Fifth Avenue, at No. 3 West 12th Street, ripped open the old-fashioned safe and got away with \$4,000 in cash and \$300 in Liberty bonds. The burglars destroyed a number of books, records and correspondence files and carried others away.

There are 1,200 members of the local, Secretary John J. Crimmins said, and monthly dues are paid on Mondays. Vice President William Fanning hinted at differences with another organization, but did not go into details.

### YOUTH STABBED BY GANG.

Police Say Attack Echoes "Tanner" Smith Killing.

Thomas Mulcahy, sixteen, of No. 531 West 44th Street, while on his way home from a recreation pier this morning, was stabbed at Clarkson and Hudson Streets by members of the "Hudson Dusters" gang, according to the police. He is in a serious condition in St. Wincent's Hospital.

Mulcahy told Detective Cavone of the Charles Street station that ten men surrounded him and, after accusing him of being "a squealer," attacked him. He suffered a stab wound under the right shoulder. When he recovered he was lying in the street three blocks away from where he was assaulted.

The police say that young Mulcahy was mistaken for some one else and that the attack upon him is an aftermath of the killing of "Tanner" Smith in the Marginal Club on Eighth Avenue Saturday night.

## Smoke, Chew, Eat and Laugh And Live Long; Rum? Never! Says Judge Loudon at 102

Venerable New Jersey Man  
Who Can Bite a Beefsteak  
Without Teeth Says Longevity  
Was Increased by a  
Good Wife Who, After 60  
Years With Him, Is Still  
Full of Fun.

By Zoe Beckley.

Smoke if you like, chew if you must, laugh a lot (if a happy marriage makes it possible) and eat plenty of good red beef. But avoid Demon Rum, club life and the subway. This is the summed up advice given by Judge Milton C. Loudon of Linden, N. J., on his 102nd birthday, which was yesterday.

The Judge opened the door for me himself, equaled a pair of lively blue eyes and cocked an eager ear. When he learned my errand he ushered me into the parlor of his old, old house and drew forth an easy chair with his old, old hand.

"I'm happy," he said, when we'd got settled, "for a good many reasons. The first one is my wife, Julia. She has been my friend and comrade for some sixty years. When a woman can keep sweet natured and full of run after living with a man that long she's a wonderful woman, a glorious woman."

I agreed with the Judge—I hope not too readily—and asked if his fortunate mating was the result of careful thought and choosing.

"It's just dumb luck," he answered with some emphasis. "A young man doesn't think out those things very seriously," he went on, looking out the window into the quiet, tree-shaded road at Linden, a pretty suburb of Elizabeth, as though he were tracing the shadowy road to his youth. "He just loves a girl and marries her—if she'll take him—whether they are suited or not. You never know a husband or a wife till you live with 'em. That's why it's a gamble. But if you get one like mine, you are made for life. Yes—she's a glorious woman, like my mother was."

"What makes them glorious?" The old Judge thought a moment. "Being kind and using sense," he answered briefly. Then he decided to add: "Kind to everybody in whatever way does them the most good. Kind to her children, but a good disciplinarian. Kind to her husband, with always an eye to his advancement. And kind to the common people who have little and should be better cared for by the community than they are to-day."

This brought us to a little reminiscence, the Judge insisting that "they took better care of folk a century ago." Or maybe, he thinks, "it is because people were naturally better off and happier and healthier before they lived in flats and subways, drank rum and turned night into day."

The venerable Judge was born in the City of New York, at No. 60 Lexington Avenue, in the quiet, tree-shaded uptown district. "But I'm not an aristocrat," he hastily added. "I'm for the people." His father, William R. Loudon, was a merchant in the days when John Jacob Astor let was buying and selling furs and \$500,000 was regarded as an immense fortune, even for an Astor. The venerable Judge Loudon was educated at the law and presided for many years in various courts in New York.

When he was a small lad it was a long ride downtown to the retail shops in Pearl Street, Catherine Street and Chatham Square, where mother bought him nice little nankeen pants and boots with copper toes.

"Canal Street," says the Judge, "was a prettier residence thoroughfare than anything New York has nowadays. There was a canal in the middle, with a border of shade trees on either side, and driveways lined with handsome homes. I tell you everything was quality in those days. Refinement, consideration, quality. Nowadays it's just the opposite. Look at the subway. I made a trip or two in the subway with my son a few years back. I never want to do it again. People aren't human any more. Subways, and what they stand for, are what drive modern folk into early graves. Lead a quiet life, that's what I tell you; eat good, wholesome, plain food, with lots of rare beef, snuff all you want to and chew tobacco, if you must, but let rum alone. Anybody can live to be a hundred if they'll do that—and have plenty of amusement and laughter."

The Judge's amusements date back to the golden age marked by the Park Theatre on Park Row, Nov. 12-21. "There was a bust of William Shakespeare in the front wall, and the entrance steps were made of imitation granite—very handsome, and thought it 'There was a 'pit' where sat the gay young blades of the day. Behind was a row of locked 'boxes,' where the beautiful maids and matrons had places. There was a thirteenth tier of seats, which were regarded as anything but respectable, where members of the half-world assembled, and the 'malins' crowded the matrons, the apprentices, lads, servants, colored people, sailors, and what not. The prices, I think, were from \$1 down to 25 cents, and you got your money's worth, for the most distinguished players and singers of the era appeared there."

The Judge used to go to Barnum's Museum, with its famous "moral show," another name for the drama invented by the shrewd old showman to quiet the objections of the elect to the "stage," which they regarded as the anteroom of a warmer place than New York in July. Emily Meester, the most beautiful woman in Amer-



MILTON C. LOUDON.  
From an old photograph.

ica, appeared there, and the Judge, while gallant, is truthful to the point of the belief that "women don't look so pretty nowadays—they're too artificial."

"Even the weather seems to have changed," he says. "I never had such heat as this when I was young. We did have cold, though. I don't suppose you'll believe it, but I've seen the East River frozen over—in the '70s, I guess—and people actually walking over when the ferries stopped."

In appearance the oldest resident of New Jersey is remarkably hale for his weight of years. He bears a proud crop of silvery hair and a handsome, long mustache.

"What makes baldness," he states, "is parting the hair with a comb. Wear it brushed straight back, like I do, and brush it, don't comb it, and it will stay on indefinitely."

The Judge's complexion is of an enviable pinkness. He says it is because he was never ill a day in his life and "never took a dose of medicine." Teeth? Oh, he hasn't bothered with teeth for thirty years or so. One learns from Judge Loudon that teeth are not necessary either to the wellbeing or comfort of the human race. "Just feel my gums," he challenged. "I can bite anything with 'em from a beefsteak to a piece of tobacco."

There are persons who dispute the assertion that Judge Loudon is past the century mark. Nevertheless, he says 1917 was his birth year, so you can figure it out yourself.

### APPROVES AMERICAN LEGION.

War Department Extends Recognition and Pledges Aid.

WASHINGTON, July 28.—Official recognition and assistance has been accorded by the War Department to the American Legion, the organization of American veterans of the World War, and for which bills for Federal incorporation are pending in Congress.

In a statement issued to-day the department has approved the plan for the establishment of headquarters at Camp Dix and the legion's suggestions as to adding former soldiers to obtain their back pay and war risk allotments.

## CONEY SHOOTING LAID TO FEARS OF DEATH PLOT

Near Lynching Follows Attack  
Started on Street Car—One  
Man Wounded.

"Navy Street Highbinders," are accused to-day of plotting the death of an "informant" who is said to have caused the arrest of twenty-three of their number on murder charges and the death of two in the electric chair. In the meantime their accuser, Raffaele Daniele, thirty-four, No. 95 Corinth Avenue, Elmhurst, Queens, is held on a charge of shooting at a man he thought was one of the plotters. His wife, Virginia, is held for "aiding and abetting" the shooting.

The complainant is George Buess, twenty-seven, No. 161 Washington Street, Hoboken. He is in the Coney

Island Hospital with a bullet wound in the abdomen.

Daniele escaped lynching shortly before last midnight when he shot Buess. Both men with their families rushed into a car of a Brighton Beach train at Coney Island. Buess says Daniele took exception to his trying to enter the train. He accused him of trying to shove Mrs. Daniele out of the way. Daniele took up his wife's fight and struck Buess. It is asserted. The woman is accused of seizing Buess by the hair and holding him while a crowd assaulted him. Then, according to Buess, when help-laws, some one fired the shot.

Daniele ran from the elevated structure. He was tripped as he ran down the steps, as the salesman says, "with the pistol in his hand." Daniele regained his feet and ran down Surf Avenue, when policemen grabbed him. They had to beat off the crowd that threatened to lynch Daniele.

At the Coney Island Police Station Daniele was recognized by detectives as the man who had figured as a witness for the State in murder cases two years ago. Daniele declared he was the man suspected of being the "informant" and asserted that when he was set upon he thought it a plot of "The Navy Street Highbinders" to get me for sending two of their gang to the electric chair.

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